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ence of the legislative branch of the Government. No intelligent advocate of representative government will favor the exercise of legislative powers by the executive ruler of a nation. Those who seek it are usually men who dread the exercise of popular power ; and also property interests, which always seek a stronger and more despotic form of government.

Many men are inclined to overlook the fact that all legislation is a species of compromise. Gentlemen holding widely different views on political questions, varying local interests, and clashing property interests meet in Congress. Out of all these conflicting elements it is the task of statesmanship to strain and perfect what may receive the approval of the majority. It will easily be seen that in order not to mar this political autonomy the President's vetoes should be as little as possible the reflex of his personal political opinions. Some of our wisest constitutional authorities hold that a veto should not be a parliamentary act. Many of our presidents have limited their vetoes to acts they held to be unconstitutional, or measures framed so hastily as to afford grounds for the belief that unintentional mistakes had been made. The extreme caution with which the veto-power has been exercised in the past shows that it was not conceived to be its intention to throw the legislative power into the hands of a minority. If a president vetoed bills because he differed from the majority of his party, the party would not sustain him, and if he vetoed bills from purely partisan motives, the country would not sustain him. With few exceptions this has not been the practice of the Government. A disposition to invoke the veto-power is simply an expression of distrust with the law-making branch of the Government.

WM. A. PHILLIPS.

IV.

INDIFFERENCE : A POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENT.

SOMETIMES one is led to believe that indifference is an attribute greater than virtue, and that it should be so recognized, cultivated, and developed. If, however, one is possessed of a conscience—that rare factor which so seldom enters into the problem of life—indifference is impossible. But since there are so few whom this proposition affects, it need scarcely be considered. It is, of course, fullest in man, since woman's nature, being more exquisite, emotional, and impressible, is incapable of entire and unalloyed indifference. A woman, if she is cunning and shrewd, may *seem* more indifferent than the most indifferent man, and yet, all the while, be suffering the extremest torture. By this, I do not wish to insinuate that woman is more conscientious than man, for that would be declaring man the less moral of the two sexes—a thing which there is much reason for doubting. Man is strong, and morality—when it exists in a degree beyond the sweep and sway of sense—must, necessarily, be an attribute of strength. So its opposite, or, perhaps I should say, its counterpart, immorality, standing in the same relation to weakness that morality stands to strength, is most likely to be a part of woman's nature; far too often her chief trait. The peculiarities which make woman the peer of man in religion, make her also his peer in immorality. She is a bundle of contradictions and inconsistencies, and has a million chords, which, if touched, vibrate in her heart; and therein lies her peril. Heart and soul are more to her than brain and conscience. In fact, when the two first are stirred, the others are

forgotten. Nay, even more, they are stifled and crushed out, for the time. She acts independently of them, without the power of resistance—without knowledge or volition. Alone, by herself, she does bravest battle against that which is at once woman's bliss and her destruction; but to turn her back upon the man she loves—if she does that, she is too inferior a woman to be worth any man's thought or love. A true woman—one in whom there is genuine nobility—finds more sweetness in trusting than in doubting; and to doubt her lover, when all the vehemence of her heart and soul are stirred, is to her the greatest and the most damning sin she can commit. She may doubt the propriety of a thing, and argue against it mentally, but set her pulses throbbing, and then—away with rationality! Repentance may be and nearly always is hers, but resistance—never! Woman plunges into sensuous sin with all her faculties dulled and blunted, save those which impel her on. She does not act indifferently, but unconsciously. Man, in this, is directly her opposite; he acts recklessly, and regardless of consequences. With woman, there are for the time no consequences. Every fiber of her being has been set vibrating, and, no longer a rational, reasoning creature, she goes on as if swept forward by a resistless stream, into the very thing from which her delicacy shrinks in her calmer moments. Man sins voluntarily and against the constant admonitions of his conscience. Indifference is the same to him that tenderness and quivering sensibilities are to woman: only, in the end, she weeps bitter tears of woe and repentance, while his indifference still stands him in good stead. It is generally the nature of man to be indifferent. . That is the reason why man's love seldom lasts beyond his honeymoon. And perhaps it is wisest so. If man's nature was as tender, clinging, and sympathetic as woman's, commerce would have never been organized; because, with the propensities and finer sensibilities of the two sexes alike, man could never tear himself away from the recipient of his caresses, and so the great world of business would stand still. Those whose glimpses at life are wholly superficial, cannot, of course, understand this; but no man or woman with enough courage to look below the surface can fail to see that I have spoken the truth. I do not believe that it is conscience which keeps woman from or makes her regret excesses, mental or otherwise, but that it is the same exquisiteness of soul which ever sends her in the direction which the world calls wrong. She sins and she suffers, and both from the same cause. She suffers because the sin she does shocks and hurts the same sensibilities whose pulses tempt her into sin. Man stifles and smothers his conscience willfully—premeditatedly. It is a hard battle for him, but it is one which he never has to fight the second time. With the first blow, his conscience is wounded past healing, and each succeeding shock but dulls and blunts him the more, until his indifference is as complete as a piece of fine art. With woman no such thing is possible: at the first plunge, she resolves herself into two distinct and separate personalities. One is seeming indifference, the other is a perfection of misery and degradation which deepens and increases with each new sin—almost with each successive breath. From this she never redeems herself; suffering becomes a part of her existence, and the clashing continues upon the tender, sensitive, and vibrant chords of her heart until death breaks the last one.

GEORGE SAND.